

# Full Details of Gans-Nelson Fight

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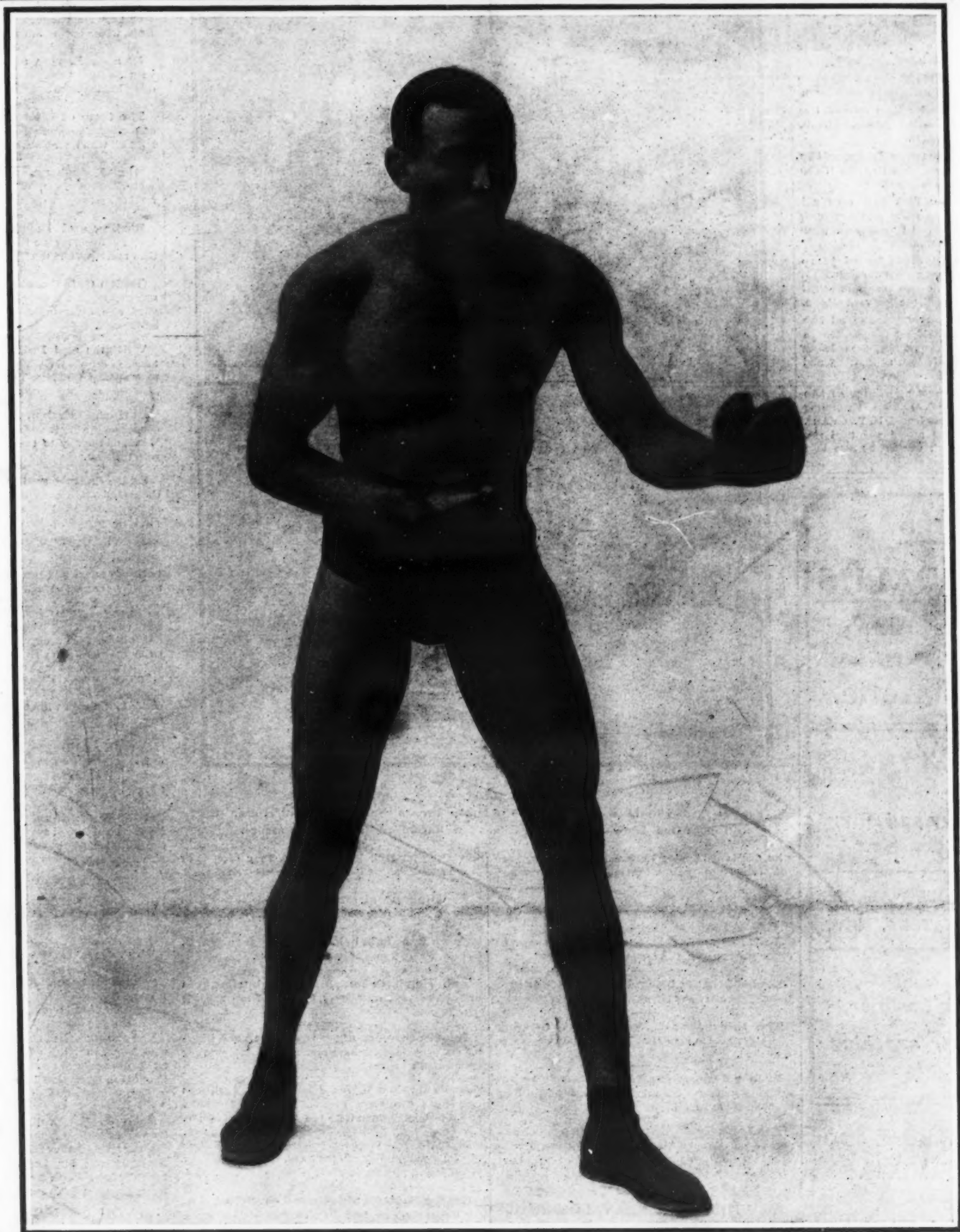
## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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JOE GANS.

THE CHAMPION WINS THE BIG FIGHT IN THE FORTY-SECOND ROUND ON A FOUL.



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RICHARD K. FOX,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:  
HAL CHASE, The Great First Baseman.

### Miscellaneous Sports.

Neigel Barker, the champion amateur sprinter of Australia, is now in this country.

Dan Patch's mile in 1:57½ shows that the son of Old Black Joe has all his wonderful speed again.

Lavette, 2:12½, who looks like one of the very best trotters racing in the Great Western Circuit, changed owners recently for \$2,700.

One day at Terre Haute recently, five of the get of Margrave, 2:10½, worked miles in from 2:11 to 2:15, two being trotters and three pacers.

The Broncho goes her fast miles as all records against time should be made with the track to herself. No wind breaks, dirt shields or pace-makers for the little Western wonder.

Myer Prinstein, the Olympic broad jump champion, has not been in very good form since his trip abroad. At Worcester he was beaten in actual performance by J. F. O'Connell, the Harvard athlete.

C. K. G. Billings recently purchased the Western pacer, Blacklock, 2:07½, for \$10,000. He is a six-year-old stallion by Cuckoo, 2:16½, dam Jenny Brown, by Brown John, son of Brown Hal, 2:12½, and was bred by L. H. Davis, of Huntsville, Ala.

C. M. Daniels, the crack swimmer of the New York A. C., broke the American swimming record for 440 yards at Travers Island, N. Y., on Aug. 25. He covered the distance across the tidal salt water in 6:51-5. The old mark was 6:13 3-5, also held by Daniels.

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## CLEVER COMEDIANS

Interesting Items About the People Who Are on the Bills  
of the Continuous and Variety Houses.

### BRIEF CONTRIBUTIONS SOLICITED FOR THIS COLUMN

Billy Hart With the Yankee Doodle Girls Company—John F. Crowley and Tom Killeen are Meeting With Success—Gossip.

Salmon and Chester report doing nicely on the Pacific Coast.

The Walter Savidge attractions took the road June 20, and have been playing to big business. They carry six big feature acts, consisting of high tight

The Rosaires opened on the Orpheum circuit at Minneapolis.

Casper and Clark have finished playing very successful engagements. They were at Governor's, Atlantic City, N. J., and the Palace Theatre, White



DOROTHY BRENNER.

The Dainty Soubrette with Yorke and Adams—now in Vaudeville. She's near the Top of the Show Bills and Receives an Encore at Every Performance.

wire, double and single trapeze, Japanese ladder, horizontal bars, novelty slack wire and the high dive.

Vesta Stanton has returned from Paris, after an absence of six months.

Millard Brothers have sailed for Europe to fill twenty-two weeks on the Continent.

Brobst Trio are booked with the Howard, Boston; Mozart, Penn circuit and association bookings.

The International Four report meeting with big success in New England, and will soon move Westward.

Barney Ferguson and John Mack have returned to America after a sixteen months' tour of England and South Africa.

The Louis Goetz Show are doing a fine business at the Wellsville Fair. The Cleyo Sisters have joined the show and are making a big hit with their Spanish dance. Otherwise the roster remains the same.

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WHEN YOU PLAY POKER

You want to play to win, of course. You can do the game out if you know how. Poker; How to Win, will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

City, Chestnut Hill, Pa., recently. They open their Winter season at the Howard, Boston, week of Sept. 24.

The Barrett Sisters have signed for the season with the Rose De Haven Septette.

Josephine Sabel has sailed for Paris, France, where she will remain all Winter.

Bob Hewlette and his merry burlesquers are at the Alcazar, Denver, Colo., and are meeting with success.

John F. Crowley and Tom Killeen are playing parks, and their singing and talking act is meeting with success.

Louis Robie's Knickerbocker Burlesquers opened at the Gayety Theatre, Baltimore. Ben Neff and William Cushman were the principal comedians. The Five Royal Russian Dancers, Cushman and St. Clair, Christy, the juggler, presented catchy specialties; Clyde Darrow, Flo Elliott, Louise St. Clair and Fanny Wood played prominent roles.

George H. Batcheller's Boston Belles, under the management of Jack Singer, will present a strong programme. The cast of "Patsy Bolivar's Vacation" will include: Clarence Wilbur, Harry La Marr, Jack Crawford, John Walters, John Manning, Amy Butler, Tiny Rice, Hattie Mills and Frankie

Bailey. The specialties are: Rice and Walters, Clarence Wilbur and company, and Crawford and Manning. "Patsy's Day at the Circus" is the other laughable skit.

Vice and Viola, after closing three weeks at Island Park, Sunbury, Pa., opened at Glade Run Park, Warren, Pa.

Billy Hart has returned after a five weeks' stay in Atlantic City, and has signed with the Yankee Doodle Girls Company.

George A. Butler and William G. Price closed a season of forty-six continuous weeks. They are producing a new act.

Bert Marshall, blackface monologue comedian, was re-engaged for the second week at Point Gratiot Park, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Bernard Nove and Felix Dumas had a pleasant trip to Hamburg from New York, and will make a tour of the Continent.

McFarland and Murray have closed their Summer work, and go to New York to rehearse with Sam Devere's Own Company.

Belle Veola is booked solid until Spring on the Keith, Proctor and Poli circuits. Next Summer she goes to Paris to study dancing.

Grace Hess closed on the Novelty circuit, at the Novelty Theatre, San Francisco, and opened on the Northwestern circuit, at Seattle.

James P. Conlin, formerly of Henry, Young and Conlin, has joined Sanford's Comedians, touring Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

Frank Harcourt is the principal comedian with Bob Manchester's Night Owls Burlesque Company, which opened at Cincinnati, O., Sept. 2.

Eleanor Revere and Mae Yuir have signed with the Miss New York Jr. Company for this season, doing leading roles and soubrette, respectively.

The team of Winters and Wilson are now on the Wells Southern park circuit, and report making a hit with their blackface act, "In Society."

Max Rosenberg, manager for John C. Weber's Prize Band of America, fell heir to his mother's estate, consisting of valuable property.

Darling and Reynolds have signed with Weber & Rush, for the Parisian Widows Company, in their specialty, and to play parts in the burlesque.

Golden Gate Quartette is finishing its Summer season on the Flynn circuit, and will begin its vaudeville dates under the management of Albert Sutherland.

Williams and Pullman opened with Culhane, Chase & Weston's "The Other Fellow" Company on Sept. 8, at New York. They have signed for forty weeks.

Burke and Urtine, "the Automobile Girls," opened on the Sullivan & Considine circuit, at Helena, Mont., on the way to the Coast. They report success with their act.

Eddie Carroll and Agnes Clarke closed a successful Summer season through the Middle West, and opened on the Kohl & Castle circuit, at the Olympic, Chicago, Sept. 3.

The Dillon & Garland Show closed their canvas show Aug. 11, after being out seventeen weeks in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania. They will enlarge the show for next season.

Jimmy Lucas has just finished playing forty weeks for the Western Vaudeville Association, and is booked solid over the Kohl, Castle, Hopkins, Orpheum and Keith circuits.

Seymour and Dupree, now in Melbourne, Australia, are doing finely. "The Squaw Man" is a decided hit there, with Charles Waldron in the title role, and Olla Humphrey as Diana.

Carroll and Doyle, after closing their Eastern engagement at Pastor's, New York, Oct. 13, will leave for Chicago where they will begin a tour of forty-two weeks, extending to San Francisco, Cal.

Ollie J. McMann, late of Boyd and McMann, is alone now, doing a refined singing and dancing act. He played the National Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., and says he was the success of the show.

Carrie M. Scott, exponent of physical culture, played at the Auditorium Theatre, Sea Isle City, recently, and on account of the Dixie Minstrels playing there Miss Scott was the only female on the bill.

W. V. Jennings has taken the management of the Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia, playing the Empire circuit burlesque attractions exclusively. Mr. Jennings replaces Col. Sam Dawson, who goes to Baltimore to manage the New Monumental Theatre.

The Howard Brothers are here from Liverpool, Eng., to fulfil a season's engagement with Hurtig & Seamon's Show, as a special feature. At the close of the Hurtig & Seamon engagement they return to Europe, where they were very successful.

John J. Coogan, accompanied by Mrs. Coogan and their two children, have spent several months' pleasant vacation at Provincetown, Mass. During his stay Mr. Coogan engineered a successful colored show, which gave great satisfaction.

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# GANS WINS FROM NELSON ON A FOUL

The Dane Hits the Champion a Terrific Blow in the Groin and He Sinks to the Floor Unconscious.

## FORTY-TWO ROUNDS HARD, BLOODY FIGHTING

Battling was Game and Put Up an Aggressive Battle but Joe was His Superior and as Nelson's Eyes were Closed Gans Had an Advantage.

Seeking a vital spot so eagerly that apparently he didn't care where he hit, Battling Nelson at Goldfield, Nev., on Sept. 3, in the forty-second round of one of the savagest fights seen in this country in many a day, drove his right into Joe Gans' groin with force sufficient to kill an untrained man and an instant after George Siler, the referee, awarded the fight to the negro on a foul.

Gans cut the white man almost to ribbons early in the game, and avoided severe injury most of the time—save that in the thirty-third round he broke his right hand on Nelson's jaw. Yet so furious was the Battler's whirlwind fighting that the black warrior, on receiving that blow in the groin, sank to his knees and possibly could have been finished on trying to rise, had not Siler seen the foul and ordered Nelson backed to his corner.

Each man fought gamely. Gans showed pluck in keeping up the battle with his right hand broken and generalship in concealing his injury from his enemy. He could not suppress a cry of pain when a bone in his right snapped as he swung on the iron hinge doing maxillary duty for Nelson, but he must have remembered in the same moment how disastrous it would be to let the Battler know his hand was broken, for lifting one foot he hopped about as if it and not the fist had been hurt. Close observers noticed that the negro favored his right through the remainder of the fight, but not until all was over did they learn why. Perhaps that handicap on the black man saved the white from a knockout. Gans certainly punished Nelson in the earlier stages, and if he had not been obliged to rely chiefly on his left in the last nine rounds, he might have finished his man cleanly.

Five thousand persons, including 200 women of seeming refinement saw the fight. Three hundred deputy sheriffs armed with big revolvers, preserved order, and that they preserved it rigorously possibly accounts for the fact that it was the most orderly assemblage ever seen at a prize fight, although it is a mining town.

But the crowd's good humor vanished so far as its attitude toward Nelson was concerned when the fight reached its disappointing end. Gans was applauded loudly and carried to his dressing room. Siler was cheered, too. Nelson, however, was hissed roundly, and there were many expressions of disdain for the conduct of Nolan, who began wrangling before the fight and kept it up all through the battle.

The betting was 10 to 7 on Gans a couple of hours before the fight, and when the combatants met it had gone to 10 to 6, with few takers. Gans offered to bet Nelson \$2,000 at any odds the Battler might name. He held that sum in his hand after entering the ring, and extended it toward the Dane. But Bat couldn't see it. Nelson also refused to take the bet.

### THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

Round 1—Gans led off with two light lefts for face. Nelson received right on body and Gans shot right and left to face, following with a right to face and Nelson sent in three left swings. In a hot mix-up Gans sent his right twice to the Dane's face. Gans jarred Nelson with two rights to the jaw and followed it with a left to the face. Nelson walloped his right to the jaw and followed with a left. Gans then peppered Nelson's face with rights and lefts.

Round 2—Joe cut twice with rights and then jabbed Nelson with a terrific punch to the jaw. He followed it with a straight right to the jaw. Nelson fought him to a clinch and landed a terrific right to face. In the mix-up Gans reached Nelson's head with two wicked rights to the face, and followed this with a short-arm jolt to the ear. As the gong rang Gans worked a hard left to the jaw.

Round 3—Gans whipped his right to the ear and uppercut twice with his right to the chin. Nelson got in a high right over the eyes. Gans hooked a right to the stomach, and Nelson shot a straight left to the face. Gans drew blood from Nelson's nose with a left jab.

Round 4—Nelson caught Gans a terrific swing to the jaw, and drove Gans against the ropes and landed with both hands to the side of the head. Nelson, bleeding from his nose kept after Gans.

Round 5—Nelson drove his right to the kidneys, but the black man rocked his head with a series of lefts and rights. Nelson swung back wildly, and Gans smashed Nelson's sore nose with a terrible right drive. Gans brought the blood afresh from Nelson's nose with stinging left punches to that organ.

Round 6—After breaking from a clinch Gans planted a right to the jaw and followed this with several terrific right drives to the face, sending blood from Nelson's mouth in a stream.

Round 7—Gans received a right punch on the body. Then Gans swung his right twice to Nelson's face. Nelson led and missed two right swings and neatly ducked two right swings. The bell rang and Nelson again went to his corner with blood streaming from his face.

Round 8—Gans played with Nelson, sending his right to the jaw. Nelson swung desperately for Gans' face, but seldom if ever landed on the black man's face. Gans swung his right and left with fearful force.

Round 9—Gans walloped the Dane with rights and lefts to the face. Nelson tried to work in two hard right swings to the body, but failed. He then swung his left twice to Gans' jaw.

Round 10—Gans smothered Nelson with rights and lefts. Nelson got a right swing to Gans' jaw, and then brought blood from Gans' mouth in a stream. Both men fought at a fearful pace.

Round 11—Nelson started a stream of blood from Gans' mouth by landing two wicked right uppercuts. They broke from a clinch and Gans immediately whipped in two rights to Nelson's jaw.

Round 12—Gans getting Nelson away from him,

and two stiff rights to Nelson's jaw and Nelson put a right on the head.

Round 20—Nelson landed a severe left uppercut to jaw, and they mixed it. Gans putting his right and left to the jaw. The negro followed his advantage and sent in a volley of right and left swings to Nelson's jaw as the round ended.

Round 21—Nelson came up as though nothing had happened. His left eye was badly swollen and his right discolored. The men fought to a clinch and Gans poked his right and left to the face. Gans then sent in a stiff uppercut over the Dane's eye. Nelson sent in two rights to the body. At close range Gans hooked a left to Nelson's mouth.

Round 22—Gans sent a straight left to the face and Nelson returned it with a left hook to the stomach. Nelson drove a straight right punch against the coon's



Photo by Dana, San Francisco.

JOE GANS.

Champion Lightweight Pugilist of the World who Received a Well-earned Decision Over Battling Nelson on September 3, at Goldfield, Nevada.

whipped a stiff right to the face. Nelson then forced Gans against the ropes and the Dane slipped to the floor. Gans held out his hand and assisted him to his feet and they immediately resumed hostilities.

Round 13—Nelson rushed in and sent Gans to ropes with a right and left, and followed up with two right swings to the body. At close quarters Nelson uppercut with his left and right to the mouth and a moment later swung his left to the mouth again, drawing the blood.

Round 14—Nelson tried to find Gans' body with left and right hooks, but missed. Nelson then sent the negro against the ropes with a right to the head. Nelson smashed Gans to the ropes with a right to the body.

Round 15—The men fought at such close quarters, or rather, wrestled, that little execution could be accomplished.

Round 16—Gans whipped a right to the jaw, and Nelson wrestled Gans about the ring, Gans holding on. Nelson scored with a stiff right to the face, and once more they leaned against each other. In a mix-up Nelson drove his right to the face. Joe walked to his corner with blood streaming from his mouth.

Round 17—Nelson landed his left on the mouth and the fighters went to a clinch. Siler had to caution about hitting low. Nelson swung his right to kidneys, and they wrestled about the ring.

Round 18—Gans rushed in with a straight right to the face. Nelson swung two lefts to Gans' face. Siler again warned Nelson about using his head. Gans blocked Nelson's leads cleverly, and then they again started to fight shoulder to shoulder. Nelson sent in two left swings to the face. Gans retaliated with two stinging rights to the face.

Round 19—Gans sent Nelson back with a right and left to the jaw, staggering the Battler. Gans sent a left

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### PUGILISTS AND WRESTLERS

Looking for matches should send their pictures and challenges to this office and they will be given special attention.

Gans sent two swings to Nelson's face. Nelson tried to wrestle Gans to the ropes, and the negro drove Nelson back with several fearful clouts to the jaw, the first of which sent Nelson half way across the ring. Nelson was now a bit groggy and Gans tapped him often.

Round 20—They roughed it in the centre of the ring and exchanged right swings to the jaw. Gans then cut loose and peppered Nelson's face and jaw with right and left jolts. Gans was against the ropes when the bell sounded.

Round 30—They fought at close quarters, Nelson doing all the work. Gans then put in two right uppercuts, and after that stalled and rested, apparently with a view of saving his strength. It was in this manner that Gans displayed his great generalship.

Round 31—Gans cleverly blocked Nelson's attempt to land wild swings, and again rested, permitting Nelson to do all the work. The men went at it fearfully without a blow being struck. Gans sent Nelson's head back with a straight left to face.

Round 32—Siler again and again spoke to the Dane about using his head on Gans. Again came the almost interminable clinching. Finally Nelson swung a hard right to the jaw and quickly followed it with a left swing to the same place. Nelson's left eye was badly swollen and almost closed. Gans sent Nelson back with two straight lefts and two rights to Nelson's sore eye. Gans caught Nelson a terrific clip on the jaw with a right hook and then sent in a dazing left to the face.

Round 33—Gans peppered Nelson's face to a jelly with terrific right swings. Nelson's left eye was closed. Nelson punched Gans to the ropes and they fought at close range. Nelson bled profusely as the men worked to the centre of the ring. Both men were very weak as the gong sounded.

Round 34—Nelson forced Gans to the ropes and received a right and a left swing on the head. Nelson worked in two short-arm lefts to the stomach. Gans nearly put Nelson through the ropes.

Round 35—It was the same old story—wrestle, stall and wrestle without a blow being struck. Gans finally ripped in a straight left to the jaw, and again they wrestled, their head against each other's shoulders. Gans put in a right uppercut and they went quickly to a clinch.

Round 36—Both sparred, and then Gans started something with a straight right to face. Again the wrestling began. Nelson missed a forceful uppercut intended for the jaw, and for a brief moment it looked as if the men were going to light up. Such was not the case, however. Gans cleverly ducked a right swing, and then ran into a right over the heart. Nelson hooked his left to Gans' stomach and at close quarters got his right lightly to the jaw. Nelson pushed Gans against the ropes and Gans just stepped out of the way of a right uppercut.

Round 37—At the beginning of this round Nelson was told again to stop fighting with his head. Gans vigorously objected to Siler against this style of scrapping. The men went again to the wrestling stunts and Nelson swung left for jaw that missed its mark three feet. They leaned up against each other and few attempts to strike a blow were made. Then Gans whipped a powerful left to the wind and they clinched. Gans waked up the crowd by catching Nelson with a long-distance jab and putting in several straight lefts to the Dane's face.

Round 38—Nelson rushed in and Gans backed up quickly, trying to keep the Dane at a distance and force him to spar at long range. Gans complained bitterly about Nelson resting his head on his (Gans') shoulders. Nelson swung a left to the jaw and after a clinch, Gans put in two rights to Nelson's face. Both men were leg weary and stalled and clinched as much as they could. It was next to impossible to get the Dane to fight at long range and he realized that his only hope of winning the battle lay in his pet style of fighting, or rather wrestling.

Round 39—Gans jabbed his left twice to the face before Nelson could get to close quarters. Then followed more stalling and wrestling, which was broken up by Gans punching Nelson viciously over the heart with his right. Gans followed this with two stiff straight rights, and again it looked as if the deadlock would be broken. It was only a flash in the pot, however, and the men resumed the stalling, Nelson being the chief offender. The Dane sent in a hard left to the jaw and Gans came back with two lefts. Nelson's left eye was closed entirely at this time.

Round 40—They started in at a lively pace, Gans landing his left to the Dane's ear. Then they stopped. In a clinch Gans drove his left to the jaw. Nelson came back with a left uppercut and they clinched. The men did very little fighting. Gans got Nelson at arm's length and took advantage of this by sending his left twice to Nelson's sore eye. Gans complained again about Nelson's head and sent it back with an uppercut.

Round 41—They came up slowly and clinched. Gans asked Billy Nolan facetiously what time it was. Gans shot a straight right to the mouth, and Nelson returned to him with two lefts to the stomach. Nelson whipped his left to the face, and the men ceased fighting. Suddenly Nelson landed a hard left hook to the jaw, and Gans fought him away, landing two lefts to the face and a right to the body.

Round 42—Shortly after this round began the men were in their usual clinch. Nelson had his head on Gans' shoulder and his arm down. Several times he hit Gans below the belt, apparently feeling for a vital spot. At last he drew back his right arm and hit Gans a vicious blow square in the groin. The colored boy sank to his knees and rolled over on his back. Referee Siler without hesitation ordered Nelson to his corner and awarded the fight to Gans on a foul.

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A Sport With a Bun on Bought a Horse Which Proved to be a Gold  
Mine, and Brought Home the Money Quick.

"While in New Orleans some time ago I saw an example of how easy it is for an owner or trainer to get himself into a mean mess without the slightest idea of wrongdoing," said a turfman.

"George Webb, who had Collector Jessup and some other good ones at the Fair Grounds track, was the man who found himself in the scrape. All the followers of the game up this way know Webb. Although still a comparatively young man he has been racing for more than a quarter of a century, and there is no angle of the game that he isn't familiar with.

"Webb put Collector Jessup in a race at a mile on the day the thing happened. Collector Jessup was pretty heavily weighted, and he isn't a miller, anyhow, preferring distances up to six or seven furlongs. All the same, he was only beaten a face on the tape, with the unusual odds of 10, 4 and 2 against him. His race surprised Webb, who had advised his friends not to play the horse, saying that, while he thought the Bel Demonio colt might last the journey, there wasn't anything cinchy about it.

"After that race there was a sprint which the old campaigner Paul Clifford, belonging to Frank Foster and trained by Johnny Pangle, won. It was a selling race, and Paul Clifford, a pretty handy kind of a horse for anybody racing around a muddy Winter track to own, had been entered to be sold for only \$600.

"Paul Clifford looked like a good \$2,500 proposition to George Webb, for the old horse was capable of winning any old kind of a race up to three-quarters on a deep track. So Webb decided to take a crack at Paul Clifford and bid on him.

"He didn't happen to have the change in his clothing to buy Paul Clifford and so he said to a supposed friend, 'Say, if I get Clifford, will you back up the buy? I'm going to try for him, and I haven't got my roll on me.'

"Sure thing—go get him," said the supposed friend. So Webb bid \$700 on Paul Clifford, and to his amazement and delight got the rugged old black at that insignificant figure.

"When the old horse fell to Webb at that astonishingly low price he dug around and found the supposed friend who had promised to stand for the purchase.

"Well," said Webb to this man, 'let's drop around to the secretary's office and settle up for that old horse.'

"What horse," inquired Webb's supposed friend, with an assumption of innocence.

"Why, old Paul Clifford," replied Webb, 'I got him for only \$700. You remember you told me only a few minutes ago that you'd stand for the buy if I took him.'

"I don't remember anything like that," replied the supposed friend, and Webb was dished.

"There were only a few minutes left for him to make

gle's barn, and Webb was hauled up by the stewards and fined \$100 and suspended from all track privileges for thirty days for violating the racing rule that an owner or trainer must make good his bid-up of a horse taken out of a selling race within a certain space of time.

"The thing reminded me of some funny bid-ups I've seen around New York and other race tracks. The halter business isn't confined any more to the owners of horses racing in the events in which the placed ones are offered for sale. Outsiders found out some years ago that anybody can bid on a horse put up for sale after a selling race, and when this fact became known race horses occasionally fell into queer hands.

"At the Hawthorne track in Chicago a few years ago a three-year-old that had just won his first start—having been dicky-legged and untrainable as a two-year-old—was put up for sale after his win. The race the horse had won had been one of the cheap kind, only the worst skates at the tracks having been carded in it. The horse had been entered to be sold for \$500. His owner had no idea of protecting the animal, considering himself lucky to have got one purse out of the poor looking one.

"When the horse was put up there was nary a bid for some time and the animal was about to be waved back to his owner's stable, when one of the orneriest looking bums I ever clapped an eye on appeared on the outskirts of the crowd and piped huskily, 'I'll go \$505 on that one.'

"There was an all around laugh, mingled with some cuss words from some of those present who didn't have any time for fooling and were waiting to see how the other bid-ups were going to come out. The man who made the bid of \$505 was such a seedy looking proposition that it seemed peculiar that he had been admitted at the track gate at all. The crown of his tent straw hat flapped in the breeze from the two or three strands that held it together, and his shoes were tied with cord.

"The auctioneer hadn't noticed whence the bid proceeded, but when somebody called his attention to the bum he turned to one of the Pinkertons standing near by.

"Is that man drunk, or what ails him?" he inquired of the Pinkerton. "If he's drunk hustle him along."

"I'm not soused, bo," the seedy looking chap called out good naturedly. "And I'm offering \$505 for that mutt you've got up for sale. Is there any kind o' rule around here that a man biddin' on a horse has got to look like a dude? I've made my bid, and if there ain't no other bids I want that horse," and he promptly pulled out of his fringed trousers a bundle of yellows big enough to clutter the rain barrel eaves on a farmhouse.

"The doubting auctioneer still looked incredulous.

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"an' it's me f'r gettin' hold of a string o' me own, bo; that's all," he said.

"And the man had been speaking the truth. He was a rum pickled waiter, or had been, who'd lost all of his jobs on account of his unreliableness. He had drifted out to the track that day with a \$2 note, which, by playing that seemed almost imbecile, he had parlayed up to something more than \$5,000. The horse had to be turned over to him for his \$505 bid.

"The man led the horse himself to the shed of a well-known negro trainer who was then running a public training stable. The negro trainer recognized the poor looking's points, and started in to train him exclusively for sprints. The common-looking nag had a remarkable flight of early speed that he could easily carry for three-quarters, and the negro trainer sent him right out and won nine straight sprint races with him before the horse began to stale off.

"In the following year the nag was chucked into overnight handicaps and condition races with good horses, and he won oftener than he lost before a return of the old two-year-old trouble with his legs put him out of business. He was one of those horses against which the layers were forever taking a chance, no matter how well he performed every time he started, and his owner, the former pickled waiter, cleaned up something like \$40,000 in bets on the horse. I saw that former waiter in Chicago when I was there last Spring. He's the proprietor of one of the neatest boulevard row houses in or around Chicago, and, to look him over now, you'd imagine that that bum's rig in which I'd first clapped eyes upon him had been a mere make-up. He isn't pickled any more, either, being one of those chaps who find good sense with prosperity.

"At the Aqueduct track three years ago a man with whom I've since become pretty well acquainted got a horse in a bid-up without afterward remembering anything about it. He was a pretty solid sort of a chap, who wasn't a regular at the tracks, but played them only occasionally by way of a holiday. One day during the Spring meeting at Aqueduct he decided suddenly to visit the track. He made up his mind so suddenly that he didn't have time to get his lunch, and he took a whole lot of drinks on an empty stomach by way of compensation.

"His stomach was out of kilter, and an empty stomach wasn't made to receive hard booze, anyway, and by the time he reached the track he was pretty well soused—so much so, in fact, that although he could navigate all right, he afterward told me he hadn't the faintest recollection of anything that had occurred to him at the track that afternoon.

"In the second race he had a \$100 bet down on one of the track jokes, a little gelding that had never been able to get out of his own way before, and the gelding walked in this day to the tune of 30 to 1. The man with the subconscious bun on was there all right when it came to collecting his winnings, and then he drifted down to the rail and saw that there was going to be a selling race sale. He felt pretty soft toward the horse that had won him the \$3,000, so he nudged around to where the sale was coming off.

"The gelding had been entered for \$600, but none of the owners or trainers around the Aqueduct cared to take the chance of getting the laugh from the others by bidding on such a no account seeming racing tool. So when the gelding was put up there was for a minute dead silence.

"Who's bidding on this mighty specimen of the thoroughbred tribe?" the auctioneer inquired.

"The man with the souse on was in the meanwhile talking to himself.

"Durned shame, thash whash—nicesh lil' horses like that, an' ev'body givin' him laugh. Shame. Ain't goin' shant' f'r it. Lil' horses wish me bankroll. Whash it up t' me t' do? W'y, bid f'r horsesh, thash all, and he swayed up to a point where the auctioneer could see him, raised his right forefinger and said, 'I bid thoushan'.'

"The auctioneer hesitated about knocking a horse down to a man so obviously edged up, but the man insisted that his offer was made on the level, and the horse fell to him. A trainer that he knew led the horse away to his shed and offered to look after him. The gelding, the new owner found out, was entered for another race on the following day. So he told the trainer to run him, and handed him \$500 to bet on the horse at any old price, no matter how big or how little.

"Think I'll sleep late t'morrow," he said to the trainer, "and I won't see the racesh, but you run him and bet on him all of that five hundred, shee?"

"At 7 o'clock the next evening the man, with little idea of what he had done the day before, and no recollection of any of the incidents at the racetrack, was poking around his bachelor flat, feeling pretty punk, but getting ready to go out. He hadn't been out at all that day. Then his flat bell tinkled, and the trainer to whom he had handed over the horse strolled in, looking pretty easy.

"Why, hello, there, Buck!" said the man who had been lying up with his head all day, not in the least remembering having seen the trainer the day before. "What fetches you along? Got something good? I went out to the track yesterday and, like an ass, drank a lot of rot on an empty stomach, and I've been feeling punk all day. Sit down."

"The trainer looked him over with a laugh.

"Did you have anything left of that wad when you reached home last night?" he asked the man.

"What wad?" was the quick inquiry of the other, who was still in his dressing gown, and the trainer explained about the roll he had won on the gelding, without, however saying anything about the purchase of the horse.

"The man in the dressing gown picked up the coat he had worn the day before, frisked it, and found about \$1,500 more than he could account for.

"Well, here's another little piece to add to that," said the trainer, and he tossed a rubber banded bundle containing \$5,500 at the stunned man in the dressing gown.

"Your winsky on that gelding you bought yesterday," said the trainer. "He cops right over again to-day at 10 to 1, and I got the hull \$500 down straight."

"Stop that damejet drooling and tell me what you're talking about," he gasped, and then the trainer put him hep to the whole transaction.

"That little gelding has been running out in California and getting his piece of change every once in a while, and I believe his owner would match him against any of the fast ones at equal weights and then stand a tap that he'd bring home the money doing anything from a jump to four miles."

## • BASEBALL NOTES •

"Under Two Flags," is the popular air out in Chicago these days.

Pitcher Clyde Goodwin, of Milwaukee, has been purchased by the Washington Club.

Tom Hughes, of Washington, can't account for his ineffectiveness this Summer. He is in the best



ELI SHOUFFLAR.

A Prominent Civil War Veteran who now Lives in Polo, Mo., and is an Ardent Admirer of Every Branch of Sport.

of condition, but for some reason he is unable to fool the opposing batsmen as in the olden days.

Freddie Parent is doing some fine work these days.

Pat Dougherty is doing his full share toward winning games for the Chicago Americans.

The Boston American management discredits the report that Joe Harris has been sold back to Fall River.

It is a noticeable characteristic of Isbell, of the Chicago team, that he makes the most of his hits in bunches.

Pitcher Barger, the most successful twirler in the Tri-State League, has been secured by the New York Americans.

Bobby Lowe's arm has come back in fine shape. He has a great whip now and is playing better ball than for three years.

Swarmbrook, the young infielder secured from the Massillon team by Manager Stahl, of Washington, is only 21 years old.

The proposed New York St. Louis deal for Pitcher Glade has been turned down by the St. Louis Club after mature reflection.

Manager Mack, of the Philadelphia Americans, has purchased the release of Pitchers Rucker and Holmes from the Augusta Southern Atlantic League Club.

The scores in the New England League race now-a-days are notably close, and also small in figures. Lynn and Worcester are getting away from the bunch.

Catcher Kittredge has finally been let out by Washington. He quered himself with the Washington Club when he refused to report last Spring and coach the young pitchers.

The Cleveland Club has purchased Pitcher Berger and Outfielder Hinchman from the Columbus Club, champions of the American Association. Berger is the star pitcher of his league, and Hinchman one of the hardest hitters.

Napoleon Lajoie has not made a home run this season. But the answer is easy. Every time the big Frenchman stalks up the rival outfielders drop back until their spines rub against the palisades that border the field of play.

## YOU CAN BE A CARD EXPERT

If you possess a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. Just published and now ready. It is an authority. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Address "Police Gazette."



GARDEN AND SOMERS.

They Are Well To the Top with Their Refined and Exceedingly Clever Musical Act.

his appearance at the secretary's office and pay the \$700. He didn't have the money with him, or anything like the amount, having left his bankroll in the safe at his hotel. His supposed friend had deliberately given him the jab, as it afterward came out. He was sore, it appeared, because Webb had advised him not to play Collector Jessup across the board at 10, 4 and 2.

"The refusal to stand for the agreement as to the purchase of Paul Clifford was done out of pique and with the deliberate intention of getting Webb into trouble with the stewards. Webb had no time to scurry around and find somebody to slip him the \$700. And so it came out that Paul Clifford was led back to Pan-

"Just step up here, and let's have a look at that money," he said to the shabby looking duck, and the man, in nowise offended, threaded his way through the crowd and showed his bankroll without any great amount of ostentation.

"I win eight thousand on th' five races," he said,

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## HAVE YOU ANY

Photographs of Sporting Events or Athletic Incidents worth publishing? If so send them to us at once, with full particulars, and we will publish them free of charge.

BRIDGE AND WHIST BY "ACE" IS THE MOST CAREFULLY PREPARED BOOK ON THESE GAMES EVER PRINTED

## WEDDING BELLS

—RING OUT QUITE OFTEN—

## ON THE HIGH SEAS

Couples Spliced by Obliging Skippers When They are  
Many Miles From Parson and Shore.

WHERE THE CAPTAIN DOES SOME KISSING.

Short Courtships Aboard are the Rule, But There's Many a Good Reason for  
Asking an Old Salt to Tie the Nuptial Knot.

"Have skippers the right to marry couples on the high seas? Well, I reckon," said a man who makes frequent 10,000 mile jumps in selling bridges and structural steel.

The topic was started by the case of a young woman who sailed from New York the other day for Trinidad, British West Indies, to meet and marry her young man, a Michigander, working down there. To avoid the British marriage law, which requires a two weeks residence before the ceremony can be performed, the young woman expected her betrothed to meet her in a tug outside the three mile limit of Trinidad, and the skipper of the ship upon which she sailed was to tie the knot.

"A skipper can do plenty of things that a lot of

performed two or three days before the ship was due to fetch Mazatlan, but the girl wouldn't listen to that proposition. Her idea was a marriage just before the ship reached Mazatlan. They were both Protestants, and as such they preferred not to be married by a Catholic priest in Mazatlan or by the Mexican alcalde. The Peruvian family wanted to see the girl safely married before letting her go.

"We pulled first sight of Mazatlan at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and then all the passengers were mustered in the main cabin to witness the ceremony. There wasn't any flubdub or superfluous trimmings about it.

"The skipper brought out his little book and read the lines in his tremendous basso profundo. The girl had been wearing for many years her dead mother's wed-

ding ring suspended around her neck by a tiny chain, and she used that ring for her own wedding. All that was needed to make the thing realistic was some feminine weeps, and these eventuated at just the proper moment.

"The handsome mother of the Peruvian children for whom the bride had been governess broke out. The couple had no sooner been pronounced man and wife than she fell upon the girl's neck, and after kissing her most affectionately, performed the necessary feminine wedding wailing to the queen's taste, in which she was fervently joined by all of her brood, who were broken hearted when they learned that they were going to lose their governess.

"The big skipper, of course, claimed the immemorial privilege of splicers on land and sea. He stood up straight, squared out his chest, pulled up his sleeves and glanced around with an expression that meant just as plain as words, 'Oh, it's a scorching sin and a shocking shame, the kind of salute I'm going to bestow upon this bride,' and then he wrapped her up in his boa constrictor grasp, and her head was lost in his huge brown beard.

"It was a nice incident, that marriage, and I'll bet a hat those two young folks are as happy a pair of brier birds and just as much in love with each other to-day as they were on the day of their wedding; I like to hope so, anyhow.

"The second deep-sea marriage that it came my way to witness was on board the Belgic, Yokohama for San Francisco, in 1896. The young man who figured in this sea wedding was a steamship engineer and been taken sick while serving as assistant engineer on a Jap steamer running between Yokohama and Hongkong, and had been sent to the big marine hospital in Yokohama.

"The fever that held him stayed along with him for nearly three months. But maybe he hadn't been in much of a hurry to convalesce, for, upon hearing of his illness, the girl to whom he was engaged in Vallejo, Cal., had drawn her savings out of the bank—she'd been teaching school in Vallejo—and hustled to her young man's side as fast as ship could carry her to help nurse him at the Yokohama hospital.

"The girl's mother back in Vallejo, it appeared, was dead sore upon the idea of her daughter marrying a man who followed the sea for a livelihood, and before the girl had left Vallejo for Japan the last thing the old lady had said to her—this came out in the course of the long voyage to San Francisco:

"If you marry that young man you're going to while you're in Japan I'll never forgive you."

"The young engineer was returning to San Francisco to take a job on a steamboat on the San Joaquin River so as to be near home, and when he got strong enough to stand the trip he and the girl sailed on the Belgic.

"The skipper of the Belgic knew the engineer and he rallied him about the situation before the Belgic got her mudhook up.

"Bad job, my young matey," the skipper said to him with ponderous solemnity, "this thing of jamming up and down the world with a young woman and no chaperon. I'm surprised at you, a seafaring man, too, that ought to know and respect the—er—the viewpoint of straightforward folks in these matters! Tush, lad, why not bring the girl to me and let me marry you?"

"The young engineer gloomily told the Belgic's skipper that he'd wanted to marry the girl in Yokohama, with the American Consul to perform the ceremony, but the young woman didn't feel like disobeying her mother's mandate about getting married while in Japan.

"Fiddles, me lad, and how much of Japan will be in an hour from this? 'for the call to up-anchor was due in half an hour. 'The open sea—there's the space for a

away with whatever grouch they might have coming over the marriage.

"They made a mighty handsome and distinguished looking couple. As the first subscribing witness to the marriage certificate, which had been elaborately prepared and pen garnished by the purser, it was my pleasant privilege to—well, if any of you fool youngsters imagine that there isn't just as much fun kissing a rose cheeked woman of forty odd as there is in kissing the immature kind you're used to, you'll learn different when you come to years of discretion, that's all.

"Something fine, flowing, sentimental and appealing about a deep-sea marriage! That's the way they all struck me. I'd like to've been married that way myself. But, God bless me! I'd never seen the sea, nor anything bigger in the water line than the Ohio River at Kentucky, when I got married. So what chance had I?"

## Halftone Photographs.

Joseph D'Ambrosio is a barber of 1502 South Twentieth street, Philadelphia, Pa. He is the owner of a thoroughbred pit bull named Dash.

Prof. Jack McConnell, of 610 Charles street, Seattle, Wash., will match his 133-pound pupil, Dutch Sharkey, against any man who can make the weight.

The present Chief of Police of Newport, Ark., is William H. Carothers, who, although not yet twenty-one years old, is one of the best men in town. He is a game man and a dead shot, and since he has been in office law and order prevails throughout the city.

The baseball team of boys known as the Chicago Standards, have a record that many older teams might well be proud of, having won 18 out of 29 games. Their managers, Harvey and Spizzini, of 1210 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., will back them for \$100 a side against any team of their age.

The Two Salvatores, who have played before His Majesty, the King of Italy, are musical artists of considerable ability and talent. The instruments which are shown in the picture on another page were



RENOWN PAT.



ROWDY.



CORCORAN'S TERRY.

The First was Imported from Ireland and is the Winner of Six Battles. The One in the Centre is a Fine Stud Dog and has Beat Four Others in the Pit. On the end is a Seven Time Winner, a Fine 38-pound Stud. They are Owned by the Auburn (Ill.) Bull Terrier Kennels.

people don't know he's entitled to do," went on the man who goes up and down the seven seas selling steel. "He can arrest you, for one thing. He can bury the dead, of course, and I believe there have been some skippers who've baptized young 'uns born on board their ships.

"But they certainly have got the marrying power. One reason why I know that is because I've been present at three deep sea marriages.

"First time was on board the Collima of the Pacific Mail Line in 1893. Among the passengers who came on board at San Francisco was a hustling young man and a sprightly clever girl, neither of whom had ever clapped an eye upon the other.

"The young man had been living at Mazatlan, Mexico, for a couple of years, acting as Mazatlan manager for an American shipping firm. The girl had been acting as governess in a wealthy Peruvian family, living at Callao, for a couple of years. She, too, had been visiting San Francisco with the whole Peruvian family and was on her way back to Callao.

"They happened to be made messmates, being placed alongside each other at table, and it didn't take one-eighth of an eye to see that they were hitting it off with each other mighty slick and fine from the time the Collima left the Farallones on the horizon's rim.

"The third day out the mother of the Peruvian brood for whom the girl was governess began to look blue over the prospect, plain enough, of losing that governess. Fourth day out bets began to be laid in the smoking room, with no takers, that there'd be a marriage on board the Collima before she made her first stop, Mazatlan. The reason why there was no takers was that the young man had been seen several times in earnest conference with the skipper.

"The young man, it appeared, wanted the ceremony

ding ring suspended around her neck by a tiny chain, and she used that ring for her own wedding. All that was needed to make the thing realistic was some feminine weeps, and these eventuated at just the proper moment.

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SEND THEM IN.

Photographs of any event that will entertain anyone else, and if the subject is good, they will be published free of cost.

sailor man to be married. Fetch the girl aft and we'll have the pair of you in a figure of eight knot in a jiffy."

"The suggestion made an instant hit, and the Belgic hadn't pointed her nose seaward before we all got the word to assemble in the main saloon to witness the marriage. It was a simple affair, the girl using the engagement ring she'd been wearing for several years.

"The bride put her face up to be kissed by the skipper when the words were finished and he responded to the challenge in a sailor like way, blushing, at that, the color of a Tahiti mollusk conch while he made good.

"The other and final marriage at sea that I happened to look at was on a steamer running between New Orleans and Mexican Gulf ports. I got on board her at Vera Cruz. There were a lot of tourists on board.

"One of them was an elderly hotel keeper of New Orleans, a widower with children. Another was a buxom woman not entirely past middle age, a widow with grown children, who was travelling with her maid. None of us understood at the time why this elderly pair wanted to be married at sea; but it came out later that the children of both of them were opposed to their getting married the second time.

"They'd been sweethearts in their youth, although when their respective mates died they hadn't resumed the former relationship, and had only met accidentally in Vera Cruz on this Winter trip.

"They explained their reasons to the skipper, all right, and even if their reasons hadn't been so good the skipper would surely have married them upon their mere request, for I've a notion that most skippers have a sneaking fondness for marrying folks. The middle-aged pair wanted to have the knot tied at sea so that their children, who were to meet them at the New Orleans pier, would have no chance to get

presented to them by the King himself. They play throughout the country and are also the owners of the Anawanda Tonsorial Parlors, at 340 Second avenue, New York.

## FIRST BASEMAN HAL CHASE.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

To one familiar with the personality and temperament of Hal Chase, the greatest baseman that ever stood at the initial station, it seems difficult to picture him as the marvelous performer he is.

Chase off the field, is a big, care-free, light-hearted boy, playful as a kitten, mischievous as a young fox, and active as a ferret. He is the best example of human perpetual motion ever known, and if by chance he happens to sit still for a few seconds the other players regard him with alarm, fearing that he must be ill, or that he is planning some new scheme of torment for his unwary team mates.

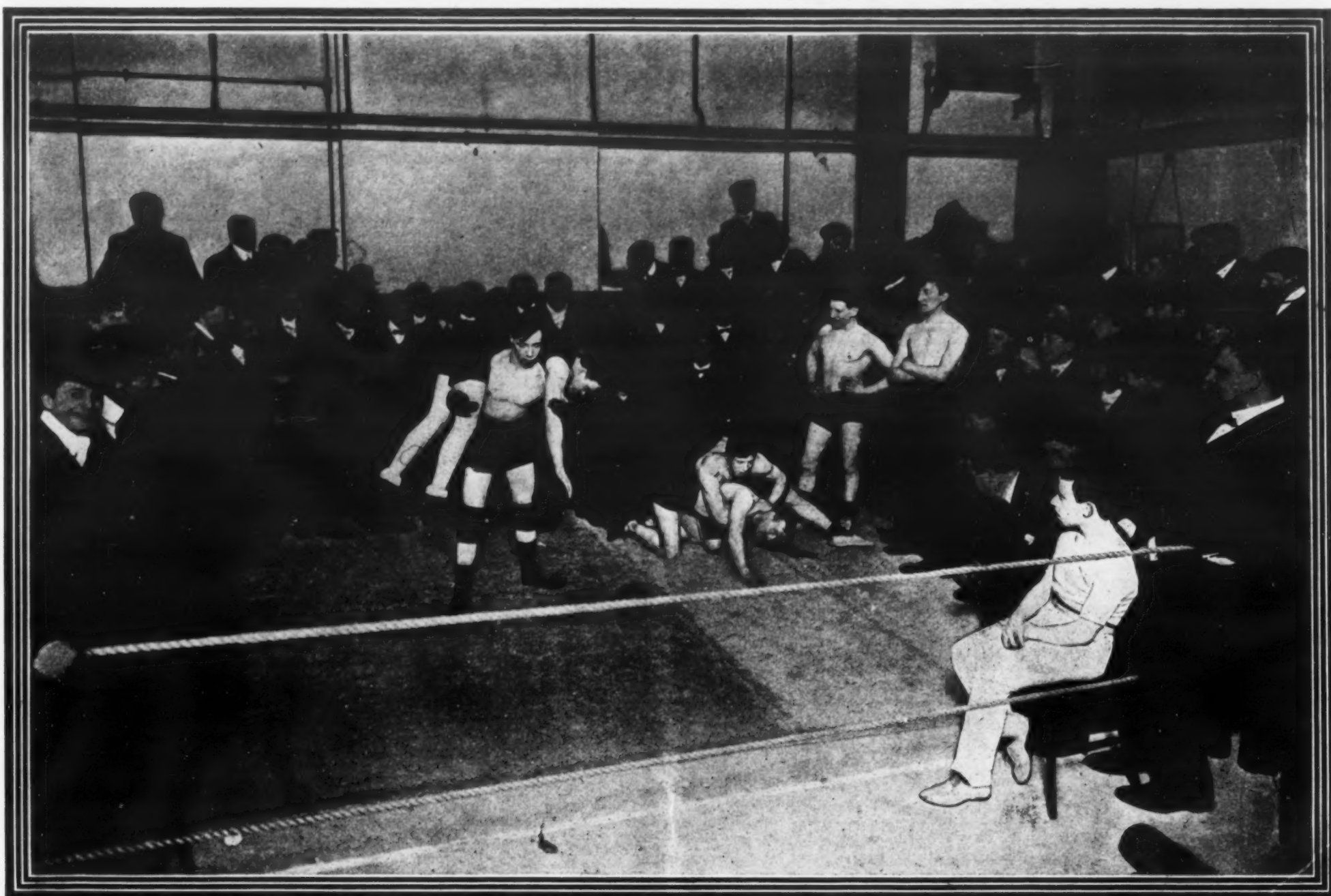
To his credit, he never attempts any tricks that are apt to result in injury to the victims, his capers being of an innocent nature. He is always the same in the hotels, on the railroad trains, or wherever he may happen to be. There is always a smile on his face and a laugh in his tone.

He moves about with a quick, springy step, and is in a constant condition of activity, both mental and physical.

## WHEN YOU PLAY CARDS

Play according to the new revised Hoyle, then you are sure to play correctly. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. This office.

SIX 2-CENT STAMPS SENT TO THIS OFFICE WILL BRING IT, BY MAIL, DIRECT TO YOU---BRIDGE AND WHIST



## DEVELOPING ENGLISH MUSCLE.

SOME AMATEUR ATHLETES OF ALL SAINTS CHURCH, LONDON, ENGLAND, AT WORK ON THE MAT UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF FATHER PREEDY.



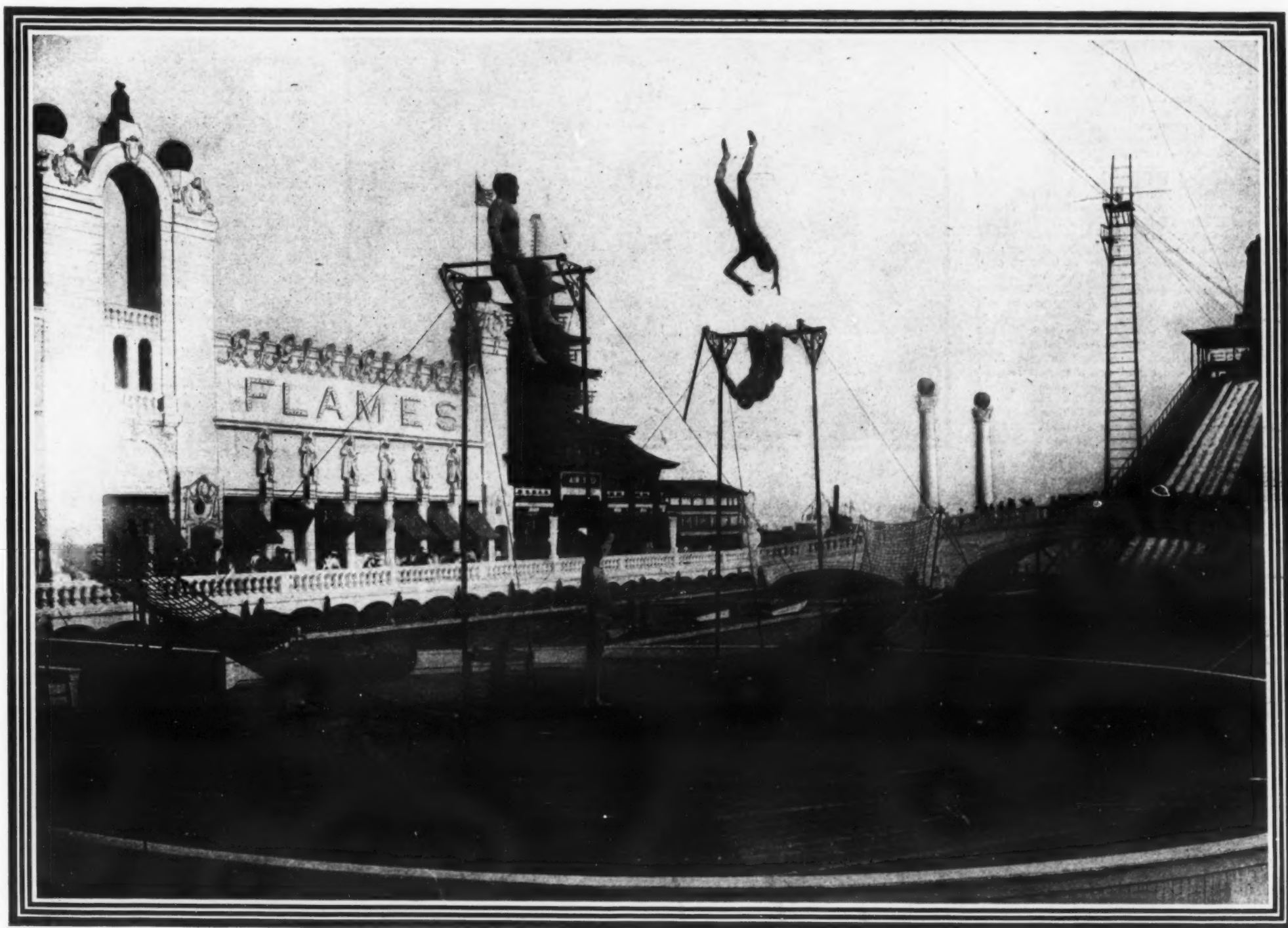
## FUN FOR THE KIDS.

YOUNGSTERS OF GREATER NEW YORK ENJOYING THE UNUSUAL AND PLEASANT LUXURY OF AN ELEPHANT RIDE AT LUNA PARK, CONEY ISLAND.



IN THE STRETCH.

A HOT RUN IN THE HOME STRETCH AT THE BRIGHTON BEACH RACE TRACK, WHEN THE PACE BEGINS TO TELL ON THE DEAD ONES AND THE LIVE ONE BRINGS HOME THE MONEY.



CAUGHT IN THE AIR.

A FLYING LEAP THROUGH SPACE AND A DARING SOMERSAULT—IF HE SHOULD MISS HIS PARTNER'S HANDS HE IS LIABLE TO GET A BAD SHAKING UP AT LEAST.

# JEFFRIES WILL FIGHT IF

—WHO WILL HIS OPPONENT BE IS THE QUESTION—

## GOLDFIELD OFFERS PURSE

Don't Want an Easy Mark and Sees Nothing in the Present Stock of Four-flushing Champions.

### CORBETT THINKS BERGER IS THE COMING CHAMPION

Small Talk in Pugilism—Another Nevada Mining Town Wants Fights—Chance For the Big Mitt Artists to Get in Right.

It isn't at all a sure thing that Jim Jeffries won't fight again. The kind of money Goldfield, Nev., is giving up to fighters has opened the big fellow's eyes to the probability of cutting in, and things look good to him. When he was in Frisco the other day he was asked as to whether he would again enter the ring if sufficient inducements were offered. "That spot evidently is a field of gold, and would probably give a record purse for a battle between big men," said Jeff. "Would you go there if they made it worth your while?" he was asked.

"Money will do much, and I might come out of retirement if they can show me something," he said.

"Who would be a fit opponent for you?" "That's the rubber," replied Jeff. "I don't want to whip any easy mark, and at the present time the crop of heavies is not very promising. I don't intend to re-enter the ring and take money under false pretenses. If the right man looms, then, well, maybe."

I thought there was something "screwy" about that \$40,000 purse which was said to have been offered by a Frisco club for Sam Berger and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. The denial comes from Eddie Graney himself and he tells O'Brien's press agent that he would give \$10 to find out who sent the bogus telegram. The press agent after lamenting the fact that he paid \$1.07 telegraph tolls for the "bunk" says:

"I still have the message and for all I know it is a bona fide one, although I have heard nothing from Graney since I wired to him to send on full particulars. Neither has Jack Gleason heard from Graney. I will be glad to show the original telegram to anyone who wants to see it."

Nobody wants to see it. People who might be interested have intelligence enough to know that Frisco people are not buying "cheese" of that variety at that price.

O'Brien wants to fight Berger again. The big California amateur didn't do him damage enough to make him afraid. Although Berger may have had a shade the best of it, take it from me that there wasn't a margin enough to justify the belief that Berger can beat him again. There have been various versions printed as to what happened in the ring that night. A better idea would be to estimate on what did not happen. In other words, to find out just what was in Philadelphia Jack's mind before and during the set-to.

Philadelphians have seen O'Brien fight so often that they have been wised up to all his wily ways. Some persons who may or may not be quite so well informed on Jack's peculiar mental bent when he faces an opponent for the first time, threw all such reckoning out of the calculation, and the result was a bigger reputation for Berger than he probably deserves for the present.

It is a notorious fact that O'Brien always makes a better impression in his second and third fights with a man than he does in the first one. Jack invented the scheme, and it has been copied extensively in recent years.

He figures that there are few men of his weight with whom he can get matches. As he has a mansion and a large family to support he doesn't want to reduce the field too rapidly. In consequence, he paddles along easy in his first bout with an opponent, goes a little faster in the second and strikes his full speed in the third engagement. O'Brien doesn't call it bluffing or stalling in his first match. He explains it this way:

"You see the first time I meet a man in the ring I am extremely careful. I usually have to give away weight, and one good punch from these big fellows can do the business. So the first time I meet a man I go in to study his strong and weak points. It is really a sort of education. After that bout I know just about what I can do with him. It may not always please the public, but it gets more matches and I'm not in the ring for my health."

So it must be taken for granted that O'Brien's first bout with Berger was a sizing up affair. The sequel will follow when they meet again.

Jim Corbett, who can look as far into the pugilistic future as the next man, believes Sam Berger will make good if he ever gets to a place where the possession of the championship title becomes an issue. Speaking of the latter's fight with O'Brien, Corbett says Berger played safe all through the encounter, although he had O'Brien in a bad way two or three times, and was content to let Jack clinch and hang on rather than take a possible chance of running into trouble. According to this, and Jim seems to be pretty certain about it, as he watched the fight with a critical eye from a ringside seat, Berger will prove bad medicine for O'Brien in any future bout, especially over a twenty-round route. Jim says Berger is content to go easy in his journey toward the championship, remembering the fate of Kauffman and Munroe and others. This was the system that Jeffries followed right from the start. In his decisive fights, notably those with Sharkey and Fitzsimmons, Jeff hung back and let the other man do the leading. After they had tired themselves out trying to make an impression upon him, Jeff came along and won.

Nevada is getting to be quite the big cheese in the pugilistic game. Jealous probably of the notoriety which their neighbors in Goldfield have achieved through their connection with the fighting game, Manhattan, another place on the State map, wants to come in on the deal and is planning to have a fight. Eddie Keenan, manager of Jimmy Walsh, has received a telegram from Manhattan, offering a big purse for a finish fight in that place between Walsh and Abe Attell for the featherweight championship of the world. Ke-



Photo by Dana. San Francisco.

TEX RICKARD.

The Enterprising Goldfield, Nev., Mining Capitalist who has Become a Conspicuous Personage in the Pugilistic Game in the Northwest.

van replied that he would accept if the purse was big enough and the club could guarantee to decide a bout.

Eddie McBride, of the "Buffalo Enquirer," and one of the most conscientious and capable epitomizers of sport in the East merely reflects the sentiment as it prevails in every city in New York State, when he says:

"Just what will be allowed in Buffalo this Winter in the sporting line it is hard to figure out at the present time. The animosity displayed against the boxing sport by those in authority will no doubt stop exhibitions of the manly sport which were so popular last Winter. The wrestling game has been a loser for the promoters for the past two years, and as almost all of the famous grapplers have been seen here at one time or another, this sport also appears to be on the decline. It is expected that the authorities will have cops out to see that pennies are not matched at some of the numblety-peg games which may take the place of the boxing and wrestling shows. With thousands of young men and old men, too, just crazy for athletic sport, it does seem ridiculous that seven or eight old women in men's clothes have power enough under discredited blue laws to stop the sport of thousands."

#### INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS

No matter what the subject, if suitable, and the reading matter entertaining, will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE free of charge.

but just so long as the men in the positions of Chiefs of Police, Mayors or Police Commissioners bow to their petty will, just so long will cities like Buffalo be known all over the rest of the world as big country towns. The great big metropolis, of course, has its multitude of theatres, but for the man of sportive inclinations who likes to revel in the companionship of men of his kind in the enjoyment of something more exciting than the show shop offers, there is nothing more interesting nowadays than a skating rink—and this is bad New York. Really, I'm almost ashamed to live here!

There is some hopes of Gus Bezenah getting into the first division of fighters some day, that is, if he can beat Percy Cove at Seattle on Sept. 27. He got word from his manager, Jack Reid, that the match was made and for him to come on as soon as he could. This match is for a \$1,000 purse, and the winner will get the opportunity to meet Harry Baker or Abe Attell for a big purse. Gus wrote his manager that everything was acceptable and that he would start for the far West as soon as his bout with Jack Langdon was over.

'Frisco wouldn't be Frisco if it didn't have a pugilistic arena, so it isn't surprising that as soon as the fight promoters realized that Mechanics' Hall of hallowed memory had been demolished by the quake and consumed by the flames which followed, they got "on the job" for a new place before you could bat your eye, and the result was a new rink where a show was held last Friday night. While still incomplete, as I have been informed, the place is being equipped with a special apparatus for the holding of fist events. An overhanging platform 24 feet square will be suspended by strong cables from the ceiling. When the merry skaters are whirling around on the smooth floor, this platform will be utilized as a bandstand, but when the place is converted into a boxing club it will be the centre of attraction, as the scrappers will settle their little differences on it. A padded canvas floor covering, regulation ropes and all necessary ring paraphernalia is being arranged for, so that in a few minutes

## RUSSIAN LION BETTER STICK TO WRESTLING.

According to Precedent No Grappler Ever Made His Mark in Fisticana.

It is pretty generally believed that George Hackenschmidt is really sincere in his desire to fight Jim Jeffries or anybody else for the championship of the world. Were an ordinary wrestler to announce that he would engage in pugilism with the direct purpose of winning the championship in that branch of sport he would at once be set down as a seeker for notoriety pure and simple. So as good a wrestler as Frank Gotch was accused of advertisement seeking when he asserted he would attempt to wrest Jeffries' laurels from the Queensberry champion, and that opinion was strengthened when Gotch was badly worsted by a third-class heavyweight.

But the Russian Lion is so pre-eminent in wrestling and has shown such marked ability in other lines of physical effort that his determination to enter the field of pugilism must be accepted as the expression of a sincere belief on his part that he could duplicate in the roped square the feats equally as brilliant as those he achieved on the wrestling pad.

Hackenschmidt is unquestionably one of the strongest men that ever engaged in a wrestling bout, and he has handled nearly all his opponents as a father would a child. When Jenkins held the title of American champion and went over to London to meet the Russian Lion, the Clevelander was beaten with a thoroughness and a celerity that was humiliating.

True, the defeat was not so disastrous as that inflicted on Jenkins by the huge Turk Nourouh, but the latter was abnormal, weighing more than 300 pounds and possessing most remarkable strength. Nourouh picked up Jenkins and laid him down on his back in Madison Square Garden twice in eleven minutes, and after that affair no other American wrestler seemed to care for a match with the Turk.

In addition to his great weight and strength Nourouh, like the lamented Yousof, had a knowledge of the fine points of wrestling that astonished the American and English grapplers. The English were aware of the bulk and strength of the Sultan's favorites, but thought they were guiltless of knowledge of wrestling science, and, therefore, would prove easy victims. But the Turks knew every move in the game and baffled their opponents at every turn.

It has always been a matter of sincere regret that Hackenschmidt and Nourouh never met. The struggle would have been Titanic and ferocious. Hackenschmidt's press agent brazenly claimed a victory for the Russian over Nourouh, but they never met, and probably never will, as Nourouh appears to have retired from the game since his return to the Ottoman Empire.

However, eliminating the Turks, Hackenschmidt is by all odds the greatest wrestler in the world, and Gotch is the only man of note the Lion has not vanquished. There is small doubt as to the outcome of a match between Hackenschmidt and Gotch, for Gotch has shown conclusively that he is about on a par with Jenkins. Hackenschmidt outclasses Jenkins 40 to 1.

As a matter of fact, Hackenschmidt as a wrestler is now in the same position that Jeffries as a fighter was in just previous to the retirement of the bollermaker. Jeff could not find an opponent who would draw a respectable purse, and it is apparent that Hackenschmidt has reached the end of the list of eligible wrestlers. No doubt this fact, coupled with the stories of suddenly acquiring wealth in the prize ring, impelled the Russian Lion to seek glory and cash in the squared circle.

But the great wrestler will discover after his first fight that he has made a serious mistake, and that it would have been more profitable had he remained in the game at which he is a champion. For the wrestler will never succeed as a fighter. His training, the development of his muscles and the fact that he is now at a mature age, all preclude success for Hackenschmidt in the prize ring.

### Pugilistic Notes.

Manuel Torres recently defeated Eddie Menney, at Los Angeles, Cal.

The bout between Billy Rhodes and Joe Walcott has been postponed until Sept. 23.

At Fort Williams, Canada, recently, Jim Powers disposed of Eddie Nelson in five rounds.

Sandy Ferguson has tired of waiting for a chance here and he has made up his mind to go to England.

Manager William McCarney will reopen the boxing season at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, on Sept. 24.

Tommy Burns announces that he will undertake to stop Sam Berger inside of twenty rounds or forfeit all his share of the purse.

Rouse O'Brien, of Boston, is in hard luck. He has sprained his ankle and will not be able to fight again for at least three months.

Gus Bezenah and Percy Cove, who is considered a wonderful bantam by the Northwest sports, have been matched to box at Seattle, Sept. 27.

Charley Ellingsworth, who won the amateur featherweight championship fifteen years ago, died in Pittsburg a short time ago. His three brothers were also amateur champions.

Instead of quitting the game, as many thought he would, after his defeat by Kid Herman at Indianapolis recently, Benny Yanger is out with a challenge to meet Charley Neary, of Milwaukee.

Johnny Reid, former manager of Buddy Ryan and Willie Fitzgerald, has interested several business men of Seattle, Wash., in a plan to build a large arena for the purpose of giving boxing exhibitions.

Hugo Kelly, the middleweight boxer, and protege of Tommy Ryan, recently knocked out Tony Caponi, of Chicago, in five rounds, at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Kelly was Caponi's master at all stages.

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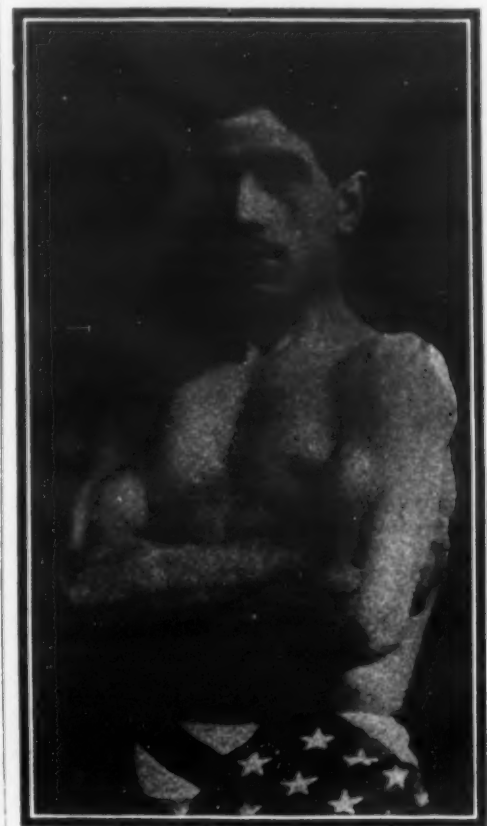
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Information to Settle Various Wagers.

J. J., New York.—Both will pass.  
W. A. P., Asbury Park, N. J.—Three aces win.  
J. B., Newburgh, N. Y.—Yes, it is said to have happened.  
J. S. Empie, Howes Cave, N. Y.—B won and C should hand over the money.  
J. H., Glasco, Kan.—Did Williams and Walker ever have a show of their own? No.  
G. W. J., Webb City, Mo.—The better was entitled to the return of his money in both cases.  
W. T. H., Auburn, N. Y.—Write to J. E. Sullivan, President A. A. U., 14 Warren street, New York City.  
Constant Reader, Milwaukee, Wis.—Do five aces beat four sixes in the correct game of Indian dice? Yes.  
E. L. S., Wooster, O.—Do you know of any reliable dealer that buys old coins? Scott, Coin Dealer, New York City.  
X. Y. Z., Seattle, Wash.—Who is the cleverest on his feet, Gans or Britt? Matter of opinion. Little difference, if any.  
J. C. F., U. S. S. Monongahela.—Inform me as to the St. Louis Republic being termed an Eastern or Western paper? Western paper.  
L. D., Whitehall, Mont.—Which is the quicker and which is in the more general use, the platform or the electric punching bag? Platform bag is most generally used.  
T. B., Chicago, Ill.—Did Richard Jose ever receive from the Keith circuit a salary of \$1,000 a week? Who are the highest salaried people in vaudeville? No. 1. No. 2. Jim Corbett and The Fays.  
D. J. T., Joliet, Mont.—A bets B \$50 in a seven-up game; both are six apiece; A is dealing; B begs; A gives him one; A has high, low, jack and game. Who wins? A wins. Cannot give B out when they are six apiece.  
W. W., Savannah, Ga.—A bets B that three clubs will win as follows: Savannah, Augusta and Macon; Savannah and Augusta win; no game at Macon on account of rain; who wins? Should two clubs win and the third club play a tie game who wins? No. 1. A wins on games played. 2. Draw bet on second proposition.  
J. G., Catasauqua, Pa.—In regard to the calling of balls and strikes, inform me as to the beginning of the rule for calling balls and strikes, say for at least twenty-five years back, and the changes that have been made in same from year to year? In the early days of organized baseball, 1876 to 1880, the rule was 7 balls and 4 strikes. In the early '80's 6 balls and 4 strikes. Late in the '80's 5 balls and 4 strikes, and in the '90's 4 balls and 3 strikes.

F. J. McC., Apponaug, R. I.—What is the world's record pole vault and broad jump? 1. 12 feet 1 1/2 inches. 2. 29 feet 7 inches with weights.  
T. H., Youngstown, O.—Who are the booking agents in show business in London, Eng.? Write to Ted Marks, Metropole Hotel, New York City.  
E. W., Bellingham, Wash.—Who is the undisputed lightweight champion of the world? Has Nelson lost any decisions? 1. Gans at the time of writing. 2. Send twelve two-cent stamps for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing fighting records.  
A. S., Dallas, Tex.—A good many years ago, when a boy, I sold the POLICE GAZETTE in Dallas, and I noticed an article in the GAZETTE about that time where some ball player threw a baseball over the Washington Monument? It was never done.  
P. C. B., Spokane, Wash.—Inform me if a dollar made in 1878, with eight feathers in the Eagle's tail, has a premium on it? Could you tell me why this dollar has eight feathers in the tail, when others have only seven? 1. No premium. 2. No reason. Just the designer's fancy.  
J. B. DeW., Chicago, Ill.—On Aug. 7, 1906, in the series between New York and Chicago, A bets on New York to win; B bets on Chicago to win; the game is forfeited to Chicago; what disposition is made with the stake? B wins. All bets follow the umpire's decision, which gave the game to Chicago by 9 to 0.  
Subscriber, Columbus, O.—A bets B \$1 that Milwaukee wins second game of double header; B takes his bet of \$1; then A bets \$1 that Washington beats Chicago; B also takes that bet; then A bets B \$1 that i. e. B, would lose both of his bets on Columbus and Chicago; B takes this bet also; Chicago and Washington do not play on account of rain; does B win the last bet, or how would you decide the last bet? The Chicago-Washington bet is drawn; also the wager that B would lose both his bets; if the Milwaukee game was played the bet goes according to the result of the game.  
E. L. C., Frankfort, Ind.—It is in the sixth inning; the local team are playing their last half; the score is six runs each; two batters are out; one runner is on second; one runner on third base; the batsman hits a low (very fast) ball to the pitcher, which hits his hand and leg and bounds backward and hits the umpire; the third base runner scores; the second base runner comes home.  
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to third; the batter goes to first base; the captain of the visiting team contended that the score could not be counted as it was not a forced run, and retired from the ground forfeiting the game to the locals? The run scores. Rule 44 says a fair hit is made if a batted ball touches the person of an umpire who is standing on fair ground.  
L. E. B., La Junta, Colo.—Playing a five-cent card machine; caught a royal bobtail spade flush, or ace, king, queen and ten, thus having three chances of



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catching a paying hand, a straight, a flush or royal flush; I paid the game keeper five cents for each chance, and caught a jack of spades making a flush, a straight and a royal flush; shouldn't I have been paid checks for each bet? Yes, if you paid for each chance.

W. R., Newark, N. J.—Six men are playing draw poker; after the cards are dealt out, one player, after looking at his hand, discovers he has six cards; this is before the draw; A claims it is a misdeal; B claims the player's hand is dead? It is a misdeal because there were more than thirty cards dealt.

C. M. H., Paterson, N. J.—What was the largest attended baseball game in this country and how many persons attended same? What was the largest attended race meet in this country and how many persons attended same? 1. Largest official known attendance at a ball game was 24,992 at Polo Grounds, Oct. 10, 1905, New York Nationals vs. Athletics, world's championship. The grounds were packed to their capacity. During the pennant race the crowds are estimated by the reporters, and it has been claimed that as many as 40,000 persons have attended a game there. This is absurd in view of the official figures of the attendance on Oct. 10. 2. Race track crowds are estimated. It is claimed that 50,000 attended the opening of Belmont this season.

## CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Herman H. Hintze, of 130 West Twenty-eighth street, a bicycle enthusiast, writes that he is ready to ride against anyone for one hundred miles or more for a trophy.

Joe Goodman, one of the many fast youngsters on roller skates around New York, is anxious to compete with any of the youths that frequent the many rinks, for a trophy.

I believe I have in Eddie Carro, of Louisville, Ky., the best 110-pound boxer in the South. I am ready to match him with anyone at the weight.—Jack Jure, care of General Delivery, New Orleans, La.

If any of the seafaring football teams think they have it on the gridiron experts of the steamship Philadelphia, of the American Line, they are respectfully requested to write to Arthur E. Kemp, care of the ship.

Edward Weir, of Trenton, N. J., a professional pedestrian, is looking for some one who will make it worth his while to prove his claim that he can walk from Philadelphia to New York in twenty hours or even better.

Willie Moodey, of Philadelphia, is a very promising bantamweight, who is now under the able management of Frank O'Brien, who wants to match him against Tommy O'Toole, Jimmy Walsh, of Boston, or Eddie Kelly, of Buffalo.

The Arcade A. C., of New York, has among its members several boxers and wrestlers; one of them, J. Miley, would like to clash with Tommy Love or Mike Tufts, at 126 pounds.—Miley can be found at 305 East 113th Street, New York.

The officers and sailors on the battleship Kentucky believe Seaman Rollins of that ship can defeat any sailor in the world, and they are ready to match him. Rollins is a middleweight, but has beaten all the heavyweights in Uncle Sam's fleet.

From Hinsdale, Ill., Joe Kosid writes that he would like to meet Young Mahoney, of Racine, Wis., or Tony Caponi, the Chicago boxer. If they fail to come to time anyone in the business that can weigh in at the middleweight limit will do.

Freddie O'Brien, a clever boxer of Chelsea, Mass., who recently bested Ike Bradley, the English bantam, at the Lincoln Club, is out with a deft to any in his class. O'Brien has many admirers in that section of the country, who think that he is a champion possibility.

On behalf of Billy Foy, I wish to issue a challenge through the POLICE GAZETTE to meet Marshall Montgomery, at playing the harmonica. Montgomery claims the championship and Foy will play him for a side bet or a trophy any time before Oct. 1, as he leaves for England on that date.—John Mehan, care of Morrison's Casino, Rockaway, N. Y.

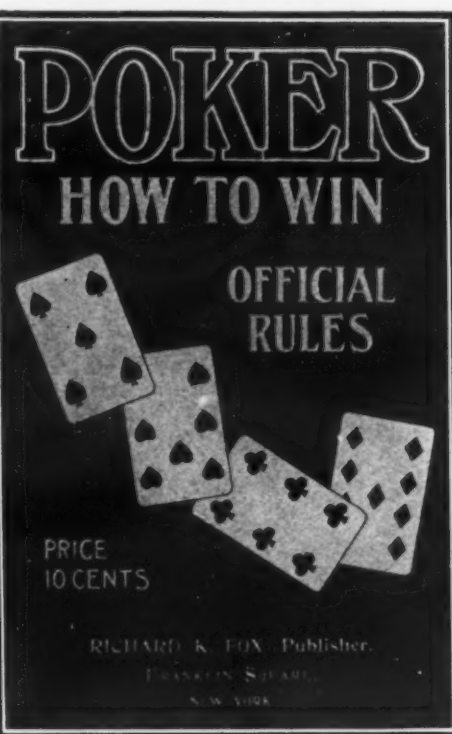
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**C. L. Hansen, of 324 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, Ill.,** is the proprietor of a handsomely furnished up-to-date saloon, where he dispenses nothing but the finest goods. He has the reputation of providing the most delicious beverages and thirst annihilators. Mr. Hansen, by his genial manner and equable disposition, has established a prosperous business in the Windy City.

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The best recipe for a new drink will get the \$75 medal, which is a mighty fine specimen of the jeweler's art, and well worth owning.

We don't need to go into details concerning these medals.

There is only one kind of pure gold, and that is the only kind that Mr. Fox has any use for in a POLICE GAZETTE trophy.

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**SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.**

**THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.**

Now, what have you in the shape of new drinks?

The man who is absolutely satisfied to be quiet will never make a success in life.

It's the hustlers who win out and come to the front. We want every bartender to try for these medals.

Don't talk about what you can do, but do it.

If you are clever, make your cleverness win you a medal.

If you take pride in your profession and a pride in your ability, you certainly ought to want to be a champion.

### FROM A MEDAL WINNER.

Just read this, bartenders, and then get busy and try for the 1907 medals—contest now on—so send in your recipes for new drinks:

STOCKTON, CAL., Aug. 24, 1906.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Just received a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE announcing the medal winners of the Bartenders Contest. Although I have not yet received the medal, the published photograph gives a very clear idea of what a handsome present it must be. I cannot begin to express my surprise and gratitude at being the first prize winner. Surely no one can blame me for feeling proud, because it is an honor that comes only to a few of us. I also wish to congratulate the winners of the second and third medals. I have tried both their cocktails and certainly find them good drinks. The "Speedway" is making quite a hit in Stockton, and the POLICE GAZETTE is prominently displayed in many saloons here to-day with the bartenders contest page showing up first. Next week I will return to Oakland, when I will be presented with my medal by Guy C. Smith, manager of the Novelty Theatre there. A telegram from my brother-in-law Charles R. Hyde, proprietor of the Reception Cafe, states that there's nothing doing in his saloon but "Speedway Cocktails." The boys are all as anxious as myself to see the medal, but they will have to wait until next week. I will write you all about it. I see you have already started the new contest for 1907, and I am telling the boys to get in and get busy. I am looking forward to taking a trip East before long, and shall expect the pleasure of meeting you personally, when I hope that we may drink a "Speedway" together to the future health and success of the dear old POLICE GAZETTE and its proprietor and editor. Until then, I am, Your well wishing friend,

MAX STEINLE.

### WELLINGTON FIZZ.

(By F. K. Andrada, The Wellington, Prescott, Ariz.)  
Mixing glass cracked ice; half a Jigger Orange syrup; quarter Jigger Orange syrup; three dashes Vanilla flavor; three dashes Orange Flower water; one tablespoon pulverized sugar; juice

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quarter of a lemon; one Jigger gin. Shake and strain in ten-ounce stem glass to one-half of the glass. Fill with siphon water, serve with straws.

### ARION COCKTAIL.

(By Dave Farrell, Arion Cafe, Watertown, N. Y.)  
Use large bar glass with cracked ice; one dash Angostura; Italian Vermouth; Sloe gin; frappe. Serve in cocktail glass with twisted lemon peel.

### TERMINAL COOLER.

(By A. Fristad, 232 California street, San Francisco.)  
Take large mixing glass, one spoon of sugar, juice of one lemon, one whole egg, five dashes Orange bitters. Add ice, shake well, strain in large goblet, fill with imported ginger ale and smile.

### GINGER ALE FLIP.

(By E. W. Grothaus, Columbus, Ohio.)  
Mixing glass half full fine ice; juice of one lemon; tablespoon of sugar; one whole fresh egg; four or five dashes of Maraschino. Shake well, strain in tall thin glass, fill up with ginger ale, stir gently and serve with straws.

### AN OREGON DAISY.

(By George E. Robinson, The Dunes, Ore.)  
Highball glass with one lump of ice; one ordinary drink of whiskey; one light dash Damiana or Benedictine; fill up with sweet soda. Gin, brandy or whiskey may be used to suit customer.

### MOUNTAIN DEW HIGHBALL.

(By Robert H. Strong, Little House Under the Bridge, 78 Lock street, Newark, N. J.)  
Use highball glass; wet rim of glass with slice of lemon, then dip rim in powdered sugar; one piece of ice, one slice of orange. Allow customer to help himself to Sloe gin, fill with seltzer, stir with spoon and serve.

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